

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WE went to press last week before the fate of the Education "compromise" was settled, but our opinion as to its fate was justified. Mr. Runciman's Bill is now as dead as the three other Education Bills produced by the present Government. We believe we are right in saying that THE ACADEMY was the only paper in London (apart from exclusively Church papers) to maintain from the very first that, under no circumstances, could Mr. Runciman's Bill become law. At the outset the whole force of the Unionist as well as the Radical press was thrown into the scale of "compromise." That the Church, in spite of her betrayal by the Archbishop of Canterbury and almost all the bishops, was easily able to defeat the machinations of her enemies and false friends is a striking proof of her invincible strength. When the Church chooses to exert her full power she is by far the strongest force in this country, and all the "moderate men of all parties," "plain men," and "men in the street," even when backed up by the Bishops and the whole force of the Nonconformist party, are powerless against her. We note with regret, and some amusement, that the Archbishop of Canterbury is still "not without hopes" of being able to come to an agreement with Dr. Clifford's representatives. For ourselves we were not without hopes that the monumental snub administered to the Archbishop by the Representative Church Council last week would have penetrated the not very thin skin of his Grace. A Prime Minister who is informed by an overwhelming majority of his own party that he has forfeited the confidence of that party, is obliged, as a matter of course, to resign; an Archbishop of Canterbury, under precisely similar circumstances, goes on "hoping," drawing his princely salary, and calmly proposing to repeat the very offence for which he has just incurred a vote of censure. The great object in life which seems to inspire the Archbishop of Canterbury is to do what will please the Nonconformists, and in this "Christian" attitude he is loyally supported by the vast majority of the Bishops. Fortunately, the fate of the Church of England, her schools, her dogmas, and her teaching,

does not depend upon the Archbishop and his satellites, but on the whole body of the Church, lay and clerical, who are determined to defend her from all attacks, whether proceeding from without or within. So the "hopes" indulged by this amiable prelate are likely to be as illusory as the hopes of cash assistance cherished by the *New Age*.

It is a curious thing that Lord Cromer, who has won such a high reputation for himself as an administrator outside this country, should, when dealing with home affairs, invariably exhibit a feeble and ineffective mind. Here we have him posing as the interpreter of "the man in the street" at a discussion on the question of the Education settlement at Caxton Hall. Lord Cromer began his remarks by saying that he was "not in any degree an authority on educational questions." He certainly is not, and no more is "the man in the street." That being so, we wonder why he should trouble to give us his views on the matter. The Education question is a very complicated and difficult one, and it requires to be brought to bear on it expert knowledge of the most profound kind. Lord Cromer's opinion on the question is, on his own showing, quite worthless. Needless to say, he shares with "the man in the street" the curious idea that the education of children all over the country is being seriously interfered with and hampered owing to the "acrimonious and discreditable" quarrel which is being waged over the various Bills brought in by a Nonconformist Government. As a matter of fact, the children who attend the schools neither know nor care anything about these discussions. They are perfectly undisturbed, and the storm raging outside the schools does not affect them or their education in the least degree. With one remark made by Lord Cromer we are able to express our entire agreement. He said that what they must endeavour to do was "to collect information on the subject." Precisely, but what a pity that Lord Cromer and his like don't go and do it, instead of enunciating foolish and solemn nonsense about a question concerning which they are admittedly in a state of abysmal ignorance. Lord Cromer labours under the pathetic delusion that he is able to turn his hand to anything and succeed. He once wrote a volume of poetry, which was a rash thing to do for a man who knew absolutely nothing about the elementary principles of the very difficult art of poetry. The result is that those poems, read aloud, can be guaranteed to make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts of ever angry bears. Which, when you come to think of it, is not the function of the highest poetry.

The Kensington Branch of the Women's Unionist Association on Wednesday last discussed the question whether Women's Suffrage should be placed on the programme of the Unionist Party. We are glad to say that the motion was negatived by a substantial majority. We cannot imagine a less hopeful issue on which to go to the country. We hope that even those ladies of the Conservative and Unionist Party who are in favour of granting the suffrage to a limited number of women with a property qualification will realise that it is their duty to avoid any attempt to force the hand of the Party in that direction. Any Party which identifies itself with Women's Suffrage is foredoomed to failure, and while we are quite aware that Mr. Balfour some time ago expressed his belief in the principle of giving votes to women with a property qualification, he has probably, like the rest of us, readjusted his views on this question. To imperil the whole future

of the Unionist Party at a time when its triumphant rehabilitation is assured, for the sake of giving a few thousand well-to-do women the vote, would be senseless and unthinkable. Lord Robert Cecil has lately been talking a great deal of nonsense on this point. It is a great pity, for he is an able, serious, and conscientious politician, worthy of the very best things. He is, as everybody knows, a fervent High Churchman. We refer him to St. Paul.

Our contemporary, the *Sporting Times*, is grieved to the heart by what it chooses to call our "very ill-natured attack" on *Punch*. The *Sporting Times* ignores the fact that *Punch* made a very ill-natured attack on THE ACADEMY, and that THE ACADEMY, which is as gentle as a sucking-dove when properly treated, merely exercised the right of self-defence. We cannot help thinking, however, that some of our home-truths about *Punch* must have hit the *Sporting Times* itself in a tender part. A great deal of what we said about dullness, and the mechanical grinding out of humour by the blameless and bald-headed mediocrities who write for *Punch*, might well be applied to the *Sporting Times* itself. For example, in the paragraph from which we have quoted, it takes exception to our harmless remark that "if a tradesman wishes to advertise a biretta, he does not go to the *Sporting Times*." "Why shouldn't he," wails our blushful contemporary, "if his object is to sell his goods?" We should have imagined that even a contributor to the *Pink 'Un*, after partaking of copious libations at the hostelry, which, with exquisite wit, it describes as "The Roman's," would understand that our point was that an advertiser chooses for advertising the kind of paper which is likely to be read by the person who would be likely to require the article advertised. The only people who would be likely to want to purchase a biretta would be Roman Catholic or High Church Anglican priests, and we imagine that the amount of Roman Catholic priests and High Church Anglican parsons who regularly read the *Sporting Times* might be counted on the fingers of both hands. Consequently, our brilliant contemporary may be able to grasp the idea that a seller of birettas would be more likely to advertise his wares in the *Tablet*, THE ACADEMY, or the *Church*, rather than the sporting variety of, *Times*. In the same way, a man who wanted to advertise an infallible system for backing horses, or somebody's "special extra pad-dock snips," would not be likely to fix on THE ACADEMY as an advertising medium in his noble efforts to turn an honest penny. We hope the writer of the paragraph now understands. We have endeavoured to make our explanation clear to anyone possessing the intelligence of an average-sized shrimp. But if he is still in difficulties, and if neither "Master," nor "The Dwarf of Blood," nor "Vieux Marcheur" is able to assist him, we can confidently commend him to "Doss Chidderdoss," who is, as far as we are able to judge, the only person of real parts on the paper, and who manages week after week to turn out astonishingly clever comic verses.

The poor *New Age* continues to send up piteous appeals for financial assistance. In this week's issue we learn that "the required number of shares for the formation of the *New Age* Limited Company has not yet been taken up." "We are still hopeful," says the *New Age*, "that our professed admirers may prove their sincerity before it is too late." Hope, as somebody observed, springs eternal in the human breast, but we fear the *New Age* is doomed to disappointment.

On the whole, we would just as soon set ourselves to the job of endeavouring to extract milk from a granite mountain as to endeavour to squeeze money out of the average Socialist. Socialists may be roughly divided into two classes—those who have got money and mean to stick to it, and those who have got none and mean to get it at any cost, and without being very squeamish as to the methods they employ in the process. Neither of these two classes is likely to be of much use in its present unhappy predicament to the *New Age*, whose only chance lies with the small residuum of honest, but foolish, people who really believe in Socialism as a cure for human ills. That these are very few indeed, the eleemosynary efforts of the *New Age* go to show. We note that the promised portrait group of eminent Socialists appears as a supplement this week. It contains flattering portraits of, among others, Messrs. Keir Hardie, Hyndman, Shaw, and Grayson. It is called "a Socialist Front Bench," and if it is supposed to represent the council of wisdom which is to direct the affairs of this country "when the revolution comes," we can only say fervently, "Good Lord deliver us."

Since the visit to our shores of Mark Twain, that delicate and exquisite flower of American culture, there has been a perceptible decline in our national feeling for letters, a feeling at no time very intense or very discriminating. The recent Milton tercentenary, however, has let loose a flood of wild and whirling words, and the professional paragraphist, to whom "*Paradise Lost*" is a closed book, has been descanting with his accustomed eloquence on the moral sublimity of its author. A Mansion House dinner may be said to have set the coping stone on Milton's reputation, and since the verdicts of the worthy representatives of the Haberdashers' and Fishmongers' Companies have been definitely given in the poet's favour, it needs unusual courage to dissent from the prevailing view. Nevertheless, the truth—which is, perhaps, of more value than the opinions of City aldermen, Nonconformist ministers or minor journalists—compels us to assert that, considered merely as a human being, Milton was very far from being sublime. He embodied, indeed, the very worst elements of a narrow and loveless creed. Scurrilous in controversy, harsh, cruel and malignant, he stands for all that is most detestable in Puritanism, and it argues no insensibility to his "mighty organ, music," to write him down as a prig and something of a cad. The private character of a poet is purely his own concern, but it would be well if Milton's panegyrists would maintain a decent reticence on the subject of the poet's virtues (which were for the most part non-existent) and betake themselves to a serious study of his works, where they would be provided with the elements of a liberal education.

The present moment is surely a peculiarly inappropriate one for bringing forward any proposals for the "reform" of the House of Lords. The House of Lords has not for a hundred years past enjoyed such a complete measure of public approval and public confidence as it is now experiencing. The proposals of Lord Rosebery's committee seem to please nobody, and they are altogether unnecessary and pointless. Why not leave well alone? The strength of the House of Lords and its value as a second chamber lie in the fact that its members are not elected, just as the strength and value of the Crown lie in the same fact. It sounds paradoxical to say it, but the mere fact that the House of Lords is non-elective makes it the most representative body of the solid opinion of this country. Does anyone in his senses, apart, of course, from a

party politician, who has a direct interest in preserving the present Government, pretend that that Government represents the mass of public opinion? It is notorious that it does not, and that it is, as a matter of fact, in direct and violent conflict with public opinion. Any one who professes to think that the House of Lords is in need of reform cannot logically deny that, on precisely the same grounds, the Crown requires reform, which, by general consent, is absurd. The desire to "reform" everything is a dangerous mania, and Lord Rosebery, with his ineffectual record as a man who has always failed in everything he has undertaken, is the last man in the world whose advice in this matter is required. When we say that Lord Rosebery has failed in everything that he has undertaken, we do not mean that he has failed to make himself a very important person. He married an enormously wealthy woman, he has won the Derby and been Prime Minister of England, and from his own personal point of view he is, no doubt, a shining example of worldly success. But what has he ever done for this country that will be worth a snap of the fingers to anyone when the breath is out of his body? Absolutely nothing. We are, of course, speaking of his public life; of his private life we know nothing.

Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer has been going to church—always a laudable custom. This act of piety, however, has been attended with serious consequences, for in the current issue of *T.P.'s Weekly* he has devoted no less than three columns to a rather fulsome appreciation of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple—a gentleman who may be vaguely remembered in connection with an abortive movement of a few months since, known as the "New Theology." Mr. Campbell having strenuously, if unsuccessfully, courted notoriety, will be glad to find that he is still good material for "copy" in the public Press. He will no doubt be flattered by Mr. Hueffer's discovery that his voice is "careful, precise, nicely modulated," and that he is the possessor of a "slim, long hand, that, as he sat, played about forehead and head with a nervous grace." That there was "nothing definitely Christian" in the teaching of the sermon causes us no surprise. What is astonishing is that the opinions of Mr. Campbell on any conceivable subject should be deemed worthy of serious consideration, even by Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer. Unfortunately, it is at the behest of Mr. Campbell and his amiable colleagues that the official leaders of the English Church are prepared to sacrifice the spiritual welfare of the children committed to their care.

We have vainly searched the columns of the *Star* for the last few days in the expectation of finding further demonstrations on the part of Mr. John Davidson and his celebrated rapier. Apparently, however, our contemporary has come to the conclusion that the racing community have had enough of that brilliant swordsman, for we shall never believe that Mr. Davidson would drop the argument while the breath of life remained in his body, if only he could induce some editor to find space for his lucubrations. As it is, the rapier now perforce lies idle in its scabbard. May we suggest to Mr. Davidson that, failing the *Star*, he might direct his attention to the *Sporting Times*, otherwise known as the *Pink 'Un*. The public which reads this latter organ of opinion, though largely composed of racing men, is probably not the same public which patronises the *Star*, consequently Mr. Davidson's performance would come to it as a distinct and probably welcome novelty, while at the same time he would still have the satisfaction of feeling that he was keeping in touch with the best sporting intelligence.

OF A DEAD POET

OFt happening on some halting paraphrase
Of those high words that took from him their wings,
I call again to wistful communings
The bitter sweet remembrance of past days.
When, like a lute-player that bends and plays,
He made the souls of men his gilded strings,
And plucked from them imperishable things,
And lured dull hours to walk enchanted ways.

O you that hold the puny hireling pen,
And drip weak venom in laborious blots,
Think you that in your shallow inky stream,
You can o'erwhelm the greatness of great men
Or drown immortal music? Wretched sots
Scrabbling on pillars of eternity.

A. D.

MASTER GEORGE AND THE NURSERY GOVERNESS.

To the accompaniment of howls and shrill screams and ear-splitting yelps from a vast concourse of shrieking and mouth-foaming females of both sexes, Mr. Lloyd George on Saturday last, at the Albert Hall, made his abject confession of faith. He has been bullied and harried and brow-beaten by women, his meetings have been disturbed, and he has been vituperated and abused through the length and breadth of the land by the yelling mænads and their male supporters, whom he vainly tried to propitiate on Saturday. And so the poor little six-and-eightpenny friend of Germany made desperate use of all his demagogic art, the only one he possesses, an art which he practises in common with the hapenny papers, that of saying to the mob what he thinks the mob will like. Once again it proved a complete failure. In vain he cringed and bowed his head; in vain he lay down on his face and invited his dear lady friends to walk about all over him; in vain he exhibited a desire to acquiesce in female chastisement which can only be compared to that revealed in the confessions of Jean Jaques Rousseau; the yelpers would have none of him. They had come there to yelp and to shriek, and to be carried out by men, and they had brought their male friends with them to undergo the same painful delights, and they were not going to be balked of their afternoon's debauch. They had provided themselves with a woman with a dog-whip, and they intended to make full use of the unusually favourable opportunity. The occasion was unique; there was no hostility to the "great cause." Every single person, male or female, in the hall was a supporter of Women's Suffrage, and the great majority were "constitutional" supporters—that is to say, women who pretend to disapprove of militant Suffragette tactics, while really supporting and encouraging them to the utmost of their ability. The men who were present were all upholders of female suffrage, and consequently abnormal men. Here was an opportunity for a real orgie such as they could not often get, and if Mr. Lloyd George had announced that he was authorised by the Prime Minister to say that the Radical Cabinet had agreed unanimously to bring in a Bill for giving votes to women next week, it is doubtful whether the militant section of his audience would have consented to forego its pleasure. The meeting, as a whole, might be compared to a sort of metaphorical nursery governess.

There was the "constitutional" part of the governess, the part which instructs and supervises and reasons; and there was the militant part, which does the spanking when spanking is toward; and there was Mr. Lloyd George, who on this occasion represented the male boy delivered over to the judgment of the great nursery governess. The little boy comes forward and says: "Please, miss, I admit I have done wrong; I have been a very wicked, naughty boy, but I won't do it again, and I promise to do whatever you tell me in future." And the governess finds herself in two minds about the way to deal with this little boy who has been so naughty, and is now good and repentant. The judicial part of her says: "Dear little Georgie, what a good, nice, obedient boy he is! I am sure he means well, and really loves his dear old governess, and has always respected and revered her, bless his dear little heart!" The militant section of her mind meanwhile says: "This is all very well, Master George, but you deserve a good spanking, and I'm going to give it to you." Whereat all the "manly women" and the "womenly men," so dear to the heart of Mrs. Drummond, send up a chorus of thanksgiving and delight, the whiles Master Georgie receives his spanking. That the sound of this spanking echoing through the world has been mistaken for applause by the *Observer*, and other newspapers with Suffragist leanings, is only what was to be expected. The *Observer* of last Sunday came out with a headline, "Triumph of Mr. Lloyd George," and no doubt the *Observer* rightly interpreted the matter from the point of view of the great passive resister; but there are, we believe, still left in this country a sufficient number of men who are prepared to resist in ways other than "passive" the threatened onslaught of the nursery governess; to overpower her, and to bind the hands of that elderly and unlovely female, and to consign her definitely and once for all to her native dustheap. To drop metaphor and come to realities, it is not too much to say that the "great meeting" presided over by the idol of Antibes market gardeners and fishermen—Lady McLaren, to wit—has pretty well sounded the death knell of the disgusting and disreputable movement which has been going on for the past eighteen months. The "message" which Mr. Lloyd George purported to deliver to the meeting turned out to be merely a repetition of the old insincerity. He assured the assembled Suffragists that Mr. Asquith would, on the eve of the dissolution of Parliament, bring in a Bill of electoral reform, and that a private member's amendment for conferring the suffrage on women would be accepted. Mr. Lloyd George is, of course, perfectly well aware that no such Bill and amendment have the smallest chance of becoming law. He is perfectly well aware that any such a revolutionary proposal as that to give votes to women would have to be submitted to the electors as the main issue at a General Election. He must also by this time be conscious that the electors are overwhelmingly against Woman's Suffrage, and that the women who are "demanding" the vote are in a small minority of their own sex, and an intellectually negligible minority. Consequently, his message was a mere piece of foolish insincerity. We are quite ready to admit that when Mr. George said he would like to give the vote to women, he meant what he said. He is just the sort of man who would give them votes, quite irrespective of whether they wanted them or not; he is exactly the typical male Suffragette, the "true knight" of Lady McLaren's ideals. The Albert Hall on Saturday last was full of these exponents of the only kind of "chivalry" which appeals to Lady McLaren, and they expressed their chivalrous feelings towards women by hitting them in the face with their fists, dragging them along the floor by

their legs, and "frog-marching" them in the most violent and brutal manner possible. We quite admit that the conduct of these silly women was most exasperating, but men who are not male Suffragettes don't hit women in the face with their fists, however exasperating they may be; and it is surely a little unfortunate for Lady McLaren and those other ladies who pretend that chivalry is extinct except in the loose-witted supporters and encouragers of the Suffragists, that this meeting, which comprised only that particular kind of men, should have been characterised by a brutal violence to women which is quite unprecedented in English history. Of course, it may be said that a woman who lashes a man with a dog-whip deserves any punishment she may get, not excepting a "punch" in the face, and we shall not dispute the proposition. But only one woman so disgraced herself; the others merely did what they have done before scores of times, with the full support and approval of the very people who on this occasion treated them with such brutality. The women of England—the real women, the vast majority, who have remained untouched by the mad-dog epidemic of Suffragitis—have had ample scope for judging what kind of woman it is that shrieks for votes. They now have a unique opportunity of arriving at a conclusion as to what manner of man it is who proudly acknowledges himself a male Suffragette. We are inclined to think that, votes or no votes, they will continue to prefer the other kind of man.

RELICS.

MORE than by anything else we moderns are sundered from the mediævals on the question of relics. These seem to be the very touchstones of the spirit. It is not merely that the ordinary man is unmoved by the thought of them, in any quantity or in any degree of sanctity, that he is not the least interested in the subject; but even those who wish with all their hearts to be able to pass the gulfs of time, the students, the historians, the very men who are stirred to the depths by mediæval art work, they, too, can hardly stomach the bare idea of that enthusiasm for holy bones, bits of beard, shoe latches, teeth, and the hems of raiment which caused the ordinary Englishman—not the professed devotee, but the ordinary worldling—to go into paroxysms of delight and generosity. They shelve the question in their writings, suppress their heroes' little weaknesses for these matters, as if they were rather naughty habits, and akin to dementia. The guide-books to our cathedrals and abbeys tell us many interesting things, date the capitals for us, copy fair what time has blurred, chronicle the famous warriors, bishops, lawyers, and kings who rest there, and then add with quick little gasps that here stood the feretory of St. Thomas, St. Edmund, or St. Erkenwald. To say more would be to expose their friends to ridicule, they think. This is hardly fair of them, for very often a skull, a tooth, and a pair of femora were efficient cause enough to build a cathedral choir, triforium clerestory, high altar, reredos, stained windows, misereres and all. It was so in Lincoln, where St. Hugh's bones built the Angel Choir, and set the town conduits running with wine. How much of York Minster was built by St. William, whose glorious great shrine may be seen in a painted window, although the silver gilt and blaze of jewels awoke the worst passions of Dr. Layton and his mates. Edward I. was no fool. He is said to have been the greatest and wisest of our Kings, the true father of the Constitution. Yet the translation of St. Richard at Chichester found him well in the front ranks of the worshippers, with rich gifts, in spite of the fact that he wanted money badly for his Scotch wars.

Every great mediæval foundation had something of surpassing interest for the man in the street. At Bruton, for instance, they had a girdle of red silk, which belonged to the Mother of God; and at Ferley, St. Mary Magdalen's white girdle. At Reading they kept two pieces of the true cross, St. James' hand, St. Philip's stole, and bones of twenty more famous holy people, among whom were SS. Anne, Andrew, Pancras, Jerome, Osmund, Irenæus, and Stephen. At Glastonbury, besides their own proper relics, their seven Kings, and the worthies of the place, they had something from all the Apostles, three of our Lord's hairs, the column of scourging, crumbs of the barley loaves, pieces from every Saint in the New Testament, almost from everyone mentioned in the Canon of the Mass, and from everyone recorded in the Prayer-Book Calendar. When Edgar, or either Edmund or Æthelstan conquered in the trades of old Saints, they were careful to send a bone at least from the Venerable Bede, the Abbess Hilda, or Benedict Biscop. Ælstan's piety procured the whole body of that Pope, Urban I., whose Ember Days we are still commanded to keep. Without wishing to be critical even about the "two Holy Innocents and part of a third," or the fragments of Aaron's rod, there is certainly very much in the long list of Glastonbury relics which must have been genuine. Every stone, leaded in as it was, in the little Church of the Mother of God held relics, and the hunger for more seemed unabated by acquisition. Suppose, for instance, we had already hair, flesh, blood, brains, dust, mitre, shirt, draws, sandals, stole, and ring of St. Thomas of Canterbury, we can hardly fancy ourselves buying at a great sum, and welcoming with tears, a piece of that great man's skin in addition. With no wish to scoff, and with all zeal to understand, the modern man is puzzled by these things. Take St. Werburgh, for instance. She was a Royal nun at Ely, whose body was kept at Dereham as choicer than gold and dearer than rubies. When the Danes marauded, the treasure was sent to Chester, where architects, carvers, and silversmiths alike felt the glow and inspiration of her presence, and the cathedral there is her shrine. We have a certain curator's interest in relics, and would accept them in moderation for the local museum. Some of us like swords that have been wet on great occasion, and the auctioneers make much of the Iron Duke's snuffers or Nell Gwynne's pouncet box if they come on the market; but in the horror, fear and confusion of a German invasion, would any man be found in all London who would dash off to the Abbey, dig up the bones, say, of Chaucer, and hurry them off to Salisbury Plain, leaving the cash and goblets to look after themselves? The most impassioned poet amongst us would not think of anything so eccentric. The comparison is hardly fair, for St. Werburgh's bones wrought miracles and put out fires. But suppose Chaucer's bones capable of doing wonders, when applied to poetasters; suppose that even poets laureate who kissed them became at once incapable of writing nonsense, would they then be our best and dearest possessions? Obviously, they would be nothing of the sort. We have no objectives to what little faith we have, and, to be frank, it seems nothing to be proud of. The mediæval people, no doubt, were too little critical, but they loved much. They admired so fervently the masters of the better life, that the bones of a mule may have eked out the coveted and all-too-few anatomies of St. Silas or St. Chad. On the whole, one would rather live and die among these uncritical, enthusiast artists, than be condemned to live one's days with those who may be critical, and so dub themselves, but are assuredly nothing else. Creation, love, and worship do not make life quite so arid and insipid as does mere criticism.

A FORGOTTEN ROMANTIC.

Je ne dirai certainement pas comme le Lycanthrope d'insurrectionnelle mémoire, ce révolté qui a abdiqué: "En face de toutes les platitudes et de toutes les sottises du temps présent, ne nous reste-t-il pas le papier à cigarettes et l'adultère?"
BAUDELAIRE.

PETRUS BOREL, called the Lycanthrope, once declared that it would be a piece of presumption on his part to expect a single reader, even a Russian! This we may take to be the usual false humility of the man who hopes to be contradicted; but in Borel's case it comes rather too near the truth for comfort. Pétrus Borel placarded his hatred for mankind by many a virulent phrase, which he would hardly repent of if he knew the neglect his works have fallen into since his death. Even, it may be said, that they were never otherwise than neglected. Why? Heaven knows! It seems absolutely certain that in art, as in all else, what is bad must die sooner or later; but it is not by any means so certain that what is good must survive. Indeed, any of us may have seen during the last ten years really excellent works simply bludgeoned out of existence by the brutal scurrility of irresponsible newspaper scribblers. When Borel published his "Rapsodies" in 1832, he was met by a yell of derision from the journalists, and although these gentry are not so often in the right as to allow any man or woman whose brain is not quite torpid to rest peaceably upon their judgments, still, few are they who since that time have taken the trouble to examine Borel for themselves on the not unlikely chance that the journalists were wrong. Borel's is one of the faces which are constantly floating to the surface on the stream of French literary history, and then sinking out of sight again. Generally they look very dead. But Borel doesn't look dead.

In himself he contains the whole Romantic movement of 1830, its ridiculous side as well as its sublimities. One can often find out more about a regiment by talking to one of the soldiers than by talking to the colonel. And we learn more about 1830 from Borel than from Gautier or Victor Hugo. That is, supposing it possible for most people to find out anything at all from Borel, which at present it is not. His "Rapsodies" and "Contes Immoraux" have always been very scarce; in 1877, M. Jules Claretie reprinted "Madame Putiphar," and this edition has now become as rare as the others. A publisher might find his profit in a new edition of one of these works—or of all of them. To be sure, for some time I have been extremely old, and I confess I know nothing about what the present generation likes to read, and care less, my indifference to all that concerns it being fully justified by its low passion for "the Business Man," for "getting on" by its dull, unromantic loves, its hates at a fixed tariff, its attempt to cut itself out on the pattern of a three-act "society" play, and a hundred other turpitudes too tiresome to repeat. Nevertheless, for all my disqualifications, I venture to maintain that a new edition of Borel would "pay." I suggest to the *Mercure de France*, which has already reprinted Aloisius Bertrand, to reprint the "Contes Immoraux" of Pétrus Borel.

Of his life very little is known. The authorities are a little book called "Pétrus Borel le Lycanthrope, sa Vie et ses Œuvres," which M. Claretie published as long ago as 1865 through Pincebourde—doubtless the same Pincebourde who acted as agent for Poulet-Malassis in Paris; that, and a long, unsigned introduction to the "Contes Immoraux," which is supposed to be written by an admirer of Pétrus, and was perhaps written by himself. This introduction is meant to be

impressive and mysterious; so it is, and it is also extremely amusing. The writer finds the good country labourer, Jean-Louis, the only friend who remained to Pétrus, in the Café Procope of an evening, and the labourer gives such a moving account of his friend the poet's death, that the writer is moved to tears. Seeing this, the good Jean-Louis rushes up to him and seizes his hand. "Did you know my friend?" he cries effusively. "Not so," replies the other; "had I known him, I should have died with him!" Thereupon they fling themselves into each other's arms, shedding the most delicious tears, before the unastonished *café*, and there on the floor, with the *garçon* sniffing, and Madame behind the *comptoir* wiping her eyes sympathetically, Jean-Louis makes over to the writer all the manuscripts of his departed friend. Ah! the fair times when such things could happen! Nevermore will they come back in this century of sneers.

Borel, however, was not in the least dead when this Introduction was written; he was just twenty-three, having been born at Lyons in 1809. He had come to Paris; and, according to his own account, which is doubtless pardonably exaggerated, he endured there all kinds of miseries. Without a private income it could not well have been otherwise; few publishers could be expected to have a sense fine enough to perceive the value of his work, odd and peculiar as it was, and made to look more forbidding by strangenesses of spelling and punctuation. "I cannot think without a sympathetic anguish," says Baudelaire, "of all the fatiguing battles the author must have waged with his printers to realise his typographic dream." He only received two hundred francs for his long novel, "Madame Putiphar," published in 1839, and he complains that the publisher swindled him out of fifty francs of this meagre sum. Meantime, he had joined a little group of painters and writers, all more or less in the same haphazard circumstances as himself. Most of these were obscure, and have remained obscure; one of them staggered under the formidable and ungovernable name of Philadelphie O'Neddy; Gérard has become known, and Théophile Gautier is famous. When Borel published his "Rapsodies" in 1832, many of the poems were dedicated to these friends. The poor "Rapsodies" themselves, sent into the world with a fighting preface, were greeted with all sorts of insults. The newspaper funny man, and the smart young gent with the complete education, have seldom had a better chance to establish their prowess. Lord! how flippant and patronising they were, to be sure! It is in this belligerent preface of Borel's that the word *Lycanthrope* first appears. The journalists picked this up, mouthed it, amused themselves immensely with it, then flung it back at the poet, and it stuck to him. Now Borel was intensely interested in politics; we may even find that he was interested in them too much, for they are dragged into all his work. Thus sternly he commands the stupid *bourgeoisie*, "bed-makers to the King": "Go and ask the Duke of Orleans if he remembers, when he went to take his oath the 9th of August at the ex-Chamber, the voice that pursued him to the very steps, throwing at his face the words Liberty and Republic in the midst of the exclamations of a cringing population." And he goes on: "I am a Republican from childhood, but not the same kind of Republican as the perorators at meetings and the planters of poplar trees. I have need of an enormous amount of liberty. Will the Republic give it me? Experience isn't on my side. But when this hope has perished like so many others, there will still remain for me—Missouri! *Je suis Républicain comme l'entendrait un loup-cervier; mon Républicanisme, c'est de la lycanthropie!*" The word was launched.

And the word being launched, Borel endeavoured, like Rousseau before him, to live up to his personage.

He grew a long, black beard, called his dwelling-place his cave, his food his prey, and practised various other pleasant extravagances. He was rather lost sight of for some years before his death. According to himself, he committed suicide in Paris in 1832 from disgust of mankind and of things in general, such as frock-coats, rich women, shop windows, academicians, umbrellas, Louis-Philippe, and fatness. According to Baudelaire his death occurred in Algiers, and he did, in fact, die at Mostaganem, July 14th, 1859.

Baudelaire's notice of Pétrus Borel, kindly as it is meant to be, is very inadequate. He writes in an apologetic tone, and seems to be half-afraid that he is making himself ridiculous by writing about Borel at all. But to admire Borel requires no apology. His absurdities and exaggerations he shared with most of the other early Romantics; Victor Hugo had a good many of them. On the other hand, he has written some splendid prose, and "Rapsodies" is the work of a true poet. And, indeed, there are many signs that Baudelaire himself studied Borel's writings most attentively, and was not above taking a hint here and there. Unhappily, in the space I have left I am unable to analyse the little book, "Rapsodies," as it deserves, and must be contented to quote. What soft, lovely music is this:—

*Son joyeux, importun, d'un clavecin sonore
Parle, que me veux-tu?
Viens-tu dans mon grenier pour insulter encore
A ce cœur abattu?
Son joyeux, ne viens plus; verse à d'autres l'ivresse;
Leur vie est un festin
Que je n'ai point troublé; tu troubles ma détresse,
Mon rôle clandestin!*

There is a sweet little song to birds, something like their own song, which is dated from the prison at Ecouy, and which I should like to quote, but I have no room. Instead, I would offer the following:—

*Que de fois, sur le roc qui borde cette vie,
Ai-je frappé du pied, heurté du ront d'envie,
Criant contre le ciel mes longs tourments soufferts;
Je sentais ma puissance, et je sentais des fers!
Puissance . . . fers . . . quoi donc? Rien! encore
un poète
Qui ferait du divin, mais sa muse est muette,
Sa puissance est aux fers:—Allons! on ne croit plus
En ce siècle voyant plus aux talens révolus;
Travaille, on ne croit plus aux futures merveilles;
Travaille! . . . "Eh! le besoin qui me hurle aux
oreilles,
Etouffant tout penser qui se dresse en mon sein!
Aux accords de mon luth que répondre? . . . j'ai
faim! . . .*

That is heartrending. Let us turn to his prose.

His master in prose is unquestionably Jean-Jacques Rousseau; but Adolphe has passed that way, and René, and—very much so—Werther. Each of the six tales which make up the volume named "Contes Immoraux" is a remarkable, almost an astonishing, piece of work. If we admire the "Contes Cruels," we should remember Borel's "Monsieur de l'Argentière, l'Accusateur," which is as good as any of them; and "Dina" would be at no disadvantage among the "Diaboliques" of d'Aureville. The other stories in Borel's volume are "Three-fingered Jack," "Andréa Vésalius," "l'Anatomiste," "Jaques Barraou, le Charpentier," and "Passereau, l'Ecolier." This last is a highly successful exercise of that grim kind of humour which Poe so often attempted and missed—in "Bonbon," for instance, "The Duc d'Omelette," in "King Pest," and some other tales. Passereau is a student who naturally has a mistress, and naturally,

as we are in full Romanticism, her name is Philogène. Passereau one day intercepts a letter from Colonel Vogtland, asking Philogène to meet him as usual by the statue of the wild boar in the Tuileries. Upon this our man goes home; perfectly darkens his room, although it is broad day; lights a number of lights; orders a punch composed of sugar, tea, lemons, rum, and brandy; puts himself to bed; sends for a friend; spends several hours with this friend drinking, weeping, and occasionally murmuring, "*La vie est bien amère et la tombe est serene*"; and finally demands: "My friend, have I still my strong reason?" "Not in the eyes of men," replies the friend, discreetly. "At last!" cries Passereau, and falls asleep. The next morning it is raining hard, but Passereau gets up. When he is dressed, the servant informs him that he has his trousers on the wrong way. "That," replies Passereau, "is an oversight royal and Merovingien." After the servant has insulted him by suggesting an umbrella, Passereau starts out through the streets, the people staring and laughing to see him thus patrolling with the recollection and impassibility of a Dervish. Finally, he arrives at the door of M. Sanson, the public executioner, whom he finds at lunch. The executioner receives him with perfect politeness, and the whole scene that follows has a kind of comic ferocity, and is the best example I know of that way of writing. In reply to M. Sanson's obvious question, Passereau says gravely that he has come to be guillotined. The executioner recoils in horror, declares that he would not hurt a fly, and refuses. The discussion goes on for some time, and the upshot is that Passereau declares he will yet gain his point by way of prison, court and judge. "If 'tis only a crime that is necessary," says Passereau contemptuously, "a crime—that is a thing quite easy and simple." "In that case," murmurs M. Sanson, courteously, "I shall be your very humble servant." Passereau's next exploit is to induce Philogène to walk into a well in the dark, and he chucks stones at her till she is dead. He then goes home and writes a letter to the Chamber of Deputies, urging the Government to acquire a monopoly on suicides. At five o'clock in the afternoon he is in the Tuileries Gardens. "Notre bel écolier s'ennuyait considérablement en ce damné lieu." At length he perceived a big fat man wearing spurs. This is Colonel Vogtland. "Why," says Passereau, "do you make appointments with a lady I have loved for three months?" "Why," answers the Colonel, "do you love a lady I have kept for three years?" They continue the conversation, pouring out insults and repartees; Passereau wants to fight at once, but the colonel must dine. Presently off they go together to a restaurant. They eat and drink enormously, and the floor is strewn with bottles. Thence they proceed hilariously to the Café de la Régence to play a game of dominoes, the winner of which is to have the privilege of firing first in the duel. The colonel wins; and in the early morning Passereau is found standing with his back against a rock, and the colonel opposite aiming his pistol. "One. . . two," counts Passereau,—and so we leave them there. Borel calls that "Fin très naturelle." And upon the whole perhaps it is.

It will be borne in mind that in the foregoing very condensed summary I have been obliged to suppress a thousand strokes and touches which make the story what it is; so if any one after looking at the bare bones I have presented feels disappointed, he should blame, not Pétrus Borel, but me. In the same way I find that I have no space left to deal properly with the Lycanthrope's long novel, "*Madame Putiphar*"—his name for Madame de Pompadour. I may only just indicate a magnificent description of the storming of the Bastille, which really seems written by a man who actually

took a part in that business; and the account of a horse carrying back through a dark night to a mother the body of her son who has been slain in a duel by the man who has ruined her.

One of the most comic, though unintentionally comic things that Borel ever wrote, and one of the most comic things that anybody ever wrote, is his narrative of his own suicide—though as usual with him it is very artistically composed, and some parts are not comic at all, but wonderfully impressive. This is the work of a man who undoubtedly pondered often and seriously upon the possibility of taking his life; but no man who was actually on the brink of suicide could ever have acted as our author is said to act. Act, is the very word; the whole piece reeks of the foot-lights. It opens with a long and vehement testament addressed to his working-man friend, Jean-Louis, who is praised, after the manner of Rousseau, for leaving the city to return to the fields which his father had abandoned to enrol himself as a *plat valet*. Having finished the testament, he smokes a cigarette, drinks a cup of tea, and then seizes an axe and proceeds to smash up his furniture, and with a furious smile and shrug of disdain he hurls his books into the fire. He does not want to leave anything behind him which may be useful to any one. At length, satisfied with his devastation, he seats himself on the ruins. In that posture he harangues the memory of a woman he once loved; then he rises and goes out. "Are you going to Spain?" enquires the *conciérge*. "Further." "To Algiers?" "Further." Towards evening he is observed in the rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau (ha, old truepenny!), and about eight o'clock on the summit of Montmartre he knocks at a red door. A girl opens the door: they embrace. After some conversation he persuades her to come out into the garden. Here he has a violent attack of blasphemy, and the girl, guessing his purpose, urges him to kill her also. But he is still occupied with his blasphemies, and requests her to observe him spitting against Heaven. "If I held humanity," he roars, "I would strangle it; if I held your God, I would strike him as I strike this tree." At this juncture he suddenly recollects that they are standing by the grave of their infant child; thereupon he kneels down, throws aside the earth, plucks out the little corpse from the grave, and shouting horrible imprecations hurls it forth into the road. That will teach society that a bastard is worth a child born in wedlock! Then he turns his attention to the fainting girl. "Kill me!" she moans. "Go down to nothingness!" he yells, and stabs her. That done, he disappears in the fog and the rain.

How very absurd, you will say. Or how very sublime? In any case, much will be forgiven the man who wrote what follows:—"La monotonie, la sempiternelle physionomie de la nature! Toujours de la pluie et du soleil, du soleil et de la pluie; toujours le printemps et l'automne, le chaud et la froidure; toujours, à tout jamais. Tous les ans, des arbres verts, et toujours des arbres verts; Fontainebleau! qui nous délivrera des arbres verts? Que cela m'ébête! Pourquoi non plus de variété? pourquoi les feuilles ne prendraient-elles pas tour à tour les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel? Fontainebleau! que cette verdure est sotte!"

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S POETRY.

THE great fact about Mr. Kipling's poetry is that he has extended the circle of readers, one might almost say by three diameters; for he has collected an audience far larger than the poetry-reading public. He is read by those who have long ceased to read poetry at

all, by those who never read any, and by those who never heard that there was any to read. The Christmas book list shows that his public is still large and hungry as ever. Perhaps that public contains less of the bookish writers, readers and talkers than of oilmen and engineers, ship-masters, rouse-about hands, commercial travellers and barbarian boys, whether they are merry undergraduates, clerks, students, boot-blacks or ploughboys. This audience is not collected by the eloquence and assiduous praise of reviewers, for the reviewers are generally angry or puzzled or both. They are conscious that the printed labels, which it is their humble duty to fix on to the latest works, do not fit Mr. Kipling. It is a great nuisance to have writers whose thoughts cannot be fitted in the ready-made departments: so they wax wroth and call him names. It is a common practice, if one cannot place a man, to abuse him; but it is apt to make posterity laugh. An old respectable review said of Tennyson that "it is not easy to quote lines of special interest from poems which seldom rise anywhere above the level of polished mediocrity"; and we can all remember how Pope, Wordsworth and Keats were reviewed. On the other hand, Mr. Kipling has, so far, only done what Martin Tupper did—that amazing literary rocket, who stormed the public and rode roughly over the reviewers' heads and then burst, to the joy of all writers and readers of books, none of whom to this day have ever accounted for the rise of Tupper, nor measured the forces which sent him aloft. But Tupper is not the only parallel. We must add Byron. Byron, Tupper and Kipling are the chief poets who have taken for their public the public. There is one point, however, which must in fairness be borne in mind about the mysterious Tupper. He never commanded the suffrages of Parnassus, as well as of Grub Street and the pavement. Mr. Kipling is accepted by many men of achievement in Art, Letters and Music—accepted with abatements, no doubt, for who can defend him in all his details? He is admittedly often coarse and even revolting. This is not merely a question of damns; although damns have had their day, as Charles Lamb said. It is a coarseness of thought and intention, of execrable pun and laudation of things evil, less, perhaps, in the poetry than in the prose works, but still present even in the verse and deplorable in either. If the critics laid stress upon these matters alone they would have nothing to fear from posterity. But they do more than this. They express the irritation which middle-aged men of letters naturally feel for anyone who boldly reverses the verdict which all our poets have united to pass—namely, that the modern world gets prosier, more mechanical and matter-of-fact every day, so that if we must have poetry we must go back to King Arthur, or the seventeenth century, or to Tartary or Greece, or Italy, or to the Middle Ages, or to horse-thieves of the Scottish border, or to a world of perriwigs, or to cloud cuckoo-town; but that in any case one must flee from sooty cities, where rate-collectors, policemen and analytical chemists reign, where men eat New Zealand lamb and keep off the grimy rain with umbrellas. The poets have all told us so, and we believed them. Then comes a fellow who smokes a briar pipe and has the marks of printer's ink upon his hands, and he has the assurance to tell us that they and we are all wrong, that the ugliest suburb and dullest railway station is choke-full of poetry.

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
He never ran to catch the train,
But passed with guard and coach and horn—
And left the local—late again!
Confound Romance . . . And all unseen
Romance drove up the nine-fifteen.

This, of course, is not really a new message, but one which the poets have had from the beginning. "The

Lyrical Ballads," in their first edition, begin thus: "It is the honourable characteristic of poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind." That was the bold challenge of Wordsworth which rang through the world of letters and shook the throne of Pope. If Wordsworth abated something of his great endeavour, if he made more love to his mountains than to all else than can interest the human mind, at least he advanced the claim that poetry is not the perquisite of leisured persons only, of those who can walk in walled gardens or by lake margins. If such is its material it can be found in busiest court, even more than in loneliest glen, and it will speak all languages and dialects, not only those of the cultured and serene, as Pope imagined, nor merely those of respectful cottagers, as Wordsworth seemed to expect, but the tongue of wharf-loafers and colliers, of common soldiers, factory girls and grooms, as well as of professors.

"There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing
tribal lays

And—every—single—one—of—them—is right."

If, then, poetry finds its material in all that interests man, it follows immediately that, as the greatest number of people are interested in a life of doing more than in one of thinking, the greatest amount of material is to be found in those who lead the active life under any conditions. Perhaps it is this conclusion, more than his ringing and simple verse, which gives Mr. Kipling the hold he has upon the men of administration and energy. He is the poet of the active life, almost exclusively so. In the "Bell-buoy," for instance, he pits the contemplative life against the active, the church-bell against the bell moored over the muddy shoal, without blessing or invocation, and concludes that the latter is greater and grander, and, indeed, holier, too, than his secure ecclesiastical brother a league inland. The same thought breathes in most of his best poems, as in the "Song of the Banjo," because the banjo is the instrument of man on the march. He boldly introduces the seven sailors who fought the coffin ship through the storm, not as saints and knights, but as drunken rowdies, and challenges our disgust at the onset for the crew of the *Bolivar*, and when we have expressed it he takes us through the voyage again with them, the agony and pathos and simple daring of it all, so that the more we have expressed our disgust the more caught-out we feel and even self-gibbeted. Into an atmosphere of pretence, of white people who have to simulate blackness before they can sing cradle songs, the sincerity of such a message comes in a welcome way, and so grateful is it that many people are glad to pardon its incompleteness, because it is genuine and expressed in melodious and masculine verse. But even an active life not based upon thought and intelligence may be a very poor affair, as soulless and automatic as ever the worst type of monk in the worst of monasteries. Many of his readers would be glad to hear more of that mystical note which sings in "The True Romance" and is never absent from the best work, such as "The Explorer," but which gets drowned sometimes in the noise of what is merely actual and external.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

OF the making of Christmas books there is no end, and if the week after next the youth of this country is inadequately provided with a supply of suitable literature, the blame will most assuredly not lie with either the authors or the publishers. We have before us books to suit all tastes. They range from the informative kind of story-book, designed to impart in an oblique fashion a mine of useful information (a gilded

pill, by the way, which is rarely successful in its operations), to the book which is frankly, delightfully, deliriously nonsensical. There is the book which is written with one eye on the child, and another, and more observant, eye on the adult. An excellent example of this class is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book," which, we dare venture to assert, is a much more familiar object in the study than in the nursery. And there is the book which is written for the child, and for the child only. It has, as a rule, few pretensions to literary merit, but, from the point of view of the infant reader, it is the best book of all.

The "tiny tot" has been well catered for this season. To name but a very few of the books which may be recommended for the use of the very small child—the child, that is, who is old enough to read, but not old enough to reason—there are "The White Puppy Book" and "The Black Puppy Book" (written and pictured by Cecil Aldin, and both in that versatile artist's most irresistible manner). They are published by Messrs. Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. From the house of Blackie we have received a quite encyclopædic volume of nursery rhymes, which Mr. Walter Jerrold has edited, and Mr. John Hassall has illustrated. "Peggie's Travels" (another volume from the same publishing house) recounts the adventures of a very little girl in "furrin' parts," while "Tales and Talks in Nature's Garden" is all about daisies and poppies and violets and buttercups. There is quite a lot of botany in it, and ever so many pictures. "The Roly-Poly Pudding" (written by Beatrix Potter, and published by Warne and Co.) is a very jolly book. Finally, a word must be said of Messrs. Dent's new edition of Kingsley's "Water-Babies" (an old nursery favourite), which is daintily produced, and illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. Another edition of the "Water Babies" has been published by Messrs. Headley. The illustrations are supplied by Mr. George Soper.

From the point of view of the purveyor of Christmas literature nine is, perhaps, the "awkward age." The child of nine is in a strange state of mental transition. She has outgrown *Chatterbox*, and is still unprepared for the *Girl's Own Paper*. To satisfy her requires an unusual amount of dexterity. Hence, while we have books for the little ones in profusion, and while the name of those books which are prepared for the delight of the boarding-school boy and his sister is legion, there is an intermediate stage where there is far less competition. Still, the publishers have done their best. From the house of Blackie comes quite a respectable array of books of this class. First among these we should place "The Children's Book of Celtic Stories," which—despite its somewhat formidable title—is both charmingly written and excellently illustrated. "God's Lantern-Bearers," by R. C. Gillie, M.A., though written for the child, is, perhaps, more suitable for the Sunday-school teacher. "Yesterday's Children," by Millicent and Githa Sowerby (Chatto and Windus), is written in a simple style, but the author occasionally allows herself to fall into a vein of sentimental reminiscence which the infant reader will find it difficult to understand.

"Children of yesterday! Long fled
From dreaming mead and river—
You heard the sound of mortal feet
And lost your wings for ever,"

is not very exhilarating nursery-fare. "Little Peter," by Lucas Malet (Frowde and Hodder), which is described as "a Christmas morality for children of any age," appears in a new edition this year. It is in

"Lucas Malet's" best vein, and should prove as popular as ever. Among other books of this class may be mentioned "Happy Hearts," by Harry Golding (Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.), and "Molly's Book," by Rowe Lingston (John Long). Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack have some welcome additions to their "Grandmother's Favourites" series, three of which—"The Apple Pie," "Holiday House," and "The Birthday Present"—call for special notice.

The schoolboy now claims our attention, and in this department of children's books we are offered so bewildering a variety that it becomes very difficult indeed to select. Messrs. Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton are well to the fore here. There is, for example, a new edition of Mr. Desmond Coke's "The Bending of a Twig," that story of school life endeared to all schoolboys, and doubly endeared to all Salopians. It has been re-written and enlarged, and that is entirely to the good. For we cannot have too much of Mr. Coke's school stories. "The Lost Column," a story of the Boxer rebellion in China, is a book full of hair-breadth escapes, fighting by land and sea, and perils numberless. It simply bristles with excitement. Another book calculated to hold captive the imagination and fire the fancy is "The Good Sword Belgarde," by Mr. A. C. Curtis, which is a tale of mediæval chivalry and of many fightings with the French. Mr. Curtis has made his characters talk in modern English, but, in spite of this apparent incongruity, he has contrived to infuse into his narrative a genuine atmosphere of the England of King John. "For the Sake of his Chum," by Walter C. Rhoades (Blackie), is a story of heroism and self-sacrifice in a public school. Other books of a suitable character from the same publishing-house are "Sir Sleep Awake and his Brother," by G. I. Whitham; "A Lad of Grit," by Percy F. Westerman; and "Under the Chilian Flag," by Harry Collingwood.

Books for girls continue to be published daily, and here Messrs. Blackie appear to claim a predominance in the matter of numbers. Lady Gilbert (who is better known to many thousands of girl readers as Rosa Mulholland) is at her best in "Cousin Sara." Lady Gilbert transports her readers, through a series of breathless incidents, from Belfast to London, and on from thence to Italy, where many strange and eventful things happen. The heroine is one of the most sympathetically-conceived portraits in the extensive gallery of Lady Gilbert's art. "Daughters of the Dominion," by Bessie Marchant, is, as its title indicates, a story of Canada. It is the tale of a girl who, deserted by her guardian, has to face life, with all its dangers and difficulties, alone. But she is a brave girl, and she discovers compensations, which multiply as the story approaches its conclusion. Another story of Miss Marchant's is entitled "A Courageous Girl," and this time the scene is laid in Uruguay. "The Hill that Fell Down," by Evelyn Sharp, is a tale suitable for girls who are just a wee bit younger. Miss May Baldwin, in "Golden Square High School" (W. and R. Chambers, Limited), introduces us to the inmates of a London school who will prove very merry companions. "A Plucky School-Girl," by Dorothea Moore (Nisbet)—"pluck" and "courage," by the way, appear to be indispensable elements in the character of the modern "school miss"—is a well-written story, which is chiefly given over to cricket. A welcome reprint is "Six to Sixteen," by Juliana Horatio Ewing, which Messrs. Bell have included in their "Queen's Treasures" series. The book is illustrated in colour by M. V. Wheelhouse.

The "grown-up" is, as a rule, a less rigid critic than his infant son or daughter, and it is a comparatively easy matter to select a suitable list for the benefit of the adult. Just now, however, when the problem of a suitable Christmas present to a friend is assuming urgent proportions in the minds of not a few, it may be worth while to offer them what assistance we may. The intending purchaser who fails to discover at least one book in the appended list which he would like to procure must be difficult, if not impossible, to satisfy.

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THREE GIFT BOOKS.

WHEN, a few years since, Mr. G. A. Henty left us on the Great Adventure, his passing occasioned a loss which it seemed at the time well-nigh impossible to replace. We recall splendid evenings spent in the company of Clive and Wellington and the freebooters of the Spanish main, and an element of sadness is imparted into the memory of a certain book—it was "The Cat of Bubastes," to be precise—dexterously concealed beneath a sheaf of exercise papers. Discovery led to results both inconvenient and painful; but, after all, Henty was worth it! Where is the writer, one feels tempted to ask, who shall accomplish for the present generation of schoolboys what Henty did some twenty years ago?

To reply that Mr. Alexander Macdonald is that writer would be to go too far. But it may at least be claimed for Mr. Macdonald that he is maintaining worthily the Henty tradition. "The Island Traders" (Blackie and Son, Ltd., 3s. 6d.) is a book that should make an irresistible appeal to schoolboy nature—unless, indeed, schoolboy nature has changed during the last few years, and changed considerably for the worse. But Mr. Macdonald may be trusted. He knows precisely what his readers want—no morbid moralisings, no nonsense about love (that may be left to the girls, being about on their level), but good, honest, exciting adventure-stuff, and plenty of it. Mr. Macdonald "cuts the cackle and comes to the 'osses" with a most business-like celerity. There is more than a suggestion of politics in this story, the chief interest of which centres round a struggle between England on the one side, and France and Germany on the other, for a group of islands in the South Pacific. Some cunning diplomacy, plenty of fighting, and more than a little adventure—these are the chief ingredients; and if the crew of the *Mota* hungered for excitement, they had it in abundance. Needless to say, the object of their cruise was attained. Germany retires discomfited from the field, and the book closes to the accompaniment of a veritable furor of patriotism. It should be given to all good little Imperialists, but it should be kept out of the way of all bad Little Englanders. They won't like it.

Miss Bessie Marchant, in "Juliette, the Mail Carrier" (Collins' Clear-Type Press), transports us to the bleak and barren country of Newfoundland, and keeps us there throughout the narrative. But a great many things may happen, even in Newfoundland, and the story does not languish and droop for lack of incident. Juliette herself is a most attractive character, and the smugglers and fisher-folk who haunt the reader in these pages are well depicted. There is a sentimental interest in the story which, we fear, will repel the average boy. In view, however, of the rich treasure-trove provided in the way of adventure of all sorts and descriptions, he can afford to be tolerant.

In "The Five Macleods," by Christina Gowans Whyte (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), we strike a different note. This is, quite frankly, a book for "the school-miss." Miss Whyte, however, be it added, has scored as distinct a success as any of her treasure-seeking, island-exploring, savage-slaying contemporaries. To endow five sisters in a family—all of them adorable girls, by the way—with a clearly-perceived individuality—that, surely, is no mean achievement. The story—the scene of which is laid in a Scottish village—meanders along in a pleasant fashion; it is diversified by many interesting, if unexciting, happenings, seasoned with a kindly humour, and sweetened with a refreshing idealism. Also it has to be said that the illustrations by Mr. James Durden are excellent. What more would one have?

MY AFRICAN JOURNEY

My African Journey. By THE RT. HONBLE. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL. (Hodder and Stoughton. Price, 5s. net.)

LET us begin with the Preface. With entire agreement we read that:

"For the formation of opinion, for the stirring and enlivenment of thought, and for the discernment of colour and proportion, the gifts of travel, especially of travel on foot, are priceless."

And then the author writes:

"I cannot tell whether I have succeeded in winning them, and still less whether, if won, they are transferable. I therefore view these letters with a modest eye."

Mr. Winston Churchill and a *modest eye!* Conceive it! But buoyed up with this assurance, we have ventured to follow him on his African journey, undismayed by that brilliant poster which decorates so many booksellers' shop windows of Mr. Churchill in khaki and the rhinoceros that he has slain. And we find the journey both pleasant and picturesque.

It begins at Mombasa, where train is taken by the Uganda railway, which links up its palm-fringed harbour with Victoria Nyanza. The northern corner of the lake is crossed, and Ripon Falls are reached. Here at the sources of the Nile the painter is cut. Backwards towards Mombasa the 900 miles can be passed in three days. Onwards travelling assumes another form.

"The great lake is hoisted high above the highest hill-tops of England. From this vast elevated inland sea the descending Nile water flows through a channel of three thousand five hundred miles into the Mediterranean."

And as the fall is nearly all in the earlier part of its course, the 500 miles to Gondokoro are passed by three marches, of an aggregate of fifteen days to turn falls and rapids, three days in canoes on the Victoria Nile, and four days on boats steam-tugged, one hundred miles of this reach being across the Albert Nyanza. At Gondokoro the steamers of the Sudan Government are found, and all is plain sailing to Khartoum, to Cairo, and then where you will.

It is needless to say that Mr. Churchill and his party took many more days than three to reach Ripon Falls, or the most interesting part of the book would not have been written. For the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies loitering is made easy. Special steamers meet special trains, and communications are faultlessly maintained. Now, when the book is published, it would be almost impertinent to remind the reader of the office the author held. But, after many editions, doubtless "*My African Journey*" will, like other books of travel, rest on the shelf, and it is conceivable that some one may take it down who is of short political memory. We would therefore suggest that in a future edition title-page or preface should record that Mr. Churchill at the time was Under-Secretary of State, or such clockwork precision in communications may seem incredible. In whatever capacity he travelled, however, very little escaped his eye or understanding, and he imparts his impressions very readably. The railway journey from Mombasa to the Lake provides a succession of transformation scenes. First the low, flat country on the coast-line, on all sides "vegetation moist, tumultuous, and varied." Then rising through virgin forest, the high, plain country is reached, running up to a height of 8,000 feet—and so down again to the level of the Lake, at about 4,000 feet. "*The plains are crowded with wild animals.* From the windows of the carriage the whole zoological gardens can be seen disporting itself," and a won-

derful picture is unrolled to us of herds of antelope and gazelle, troops of zebra—sometimes four or five hundred together—undisturbed by the passing train.

One station, Simba, "The Place of Lions," and in the twilight a dozen giraffes are seen "lollopping off among scattered trees, and at Nakaru six yellow lions walked in leisurely mood across the rails in broad daylight." In every stage of the journey the fauna are well described, the life of beast and bird, of butterfly and creeping thing is brought very near to us. There are some excellent sporting scenes, too. A lion hunt near Nairobi sounds very sporting. Four spearmen gallop the lion down as they would a pig, until he stands at bay. Then he means killing, and the horsemen keep far enough away to allow to the following rifle the honour of the kill, instead of one of them yielding it to the lion. Mr. Churchill's first rhinoceros (that of the poster) provides a good scene, but also provides rather excessive verbiage.

"I fired. The thud of a bullet which strikes with an impact of a ton and a quarter tearing through hide and muscle and bone with the hideous energy of cordite came back distinctly."

But prodigality of words in descriptive writing often rather mars effect throughout the book.

"'Colour' is already the dominant question at Nairobi. 'We mean to make East Africa a white man's country,' cries in strident tones the Colonist's Association on every occasion."

Thus chapter III. begins. There are fewer than two thousand five hundred whites, and more than four millions of black originals. But it is not these latter that the white men want to be rid of—for East Africa is no field for white labour. It is the Indian fellow subject that is the rival of the white settler, and Mr. Churchill pleads for the rights of these latter to make for themselves a future in a land where the white man does not really thrive, either in health or fortune. The climate seems ideal, but in spite of the several thousand feet of elevation it is an equatorial sun which the white man lives under, and it does not suit him at any elevation. Continuance of Government as a Crown Colony is urged, with officers:

"Who regard themselves as the guardians of native interests and native rights against those who only care about exploiting the country and its people."

The black natives of East Africa seem to be primitive savages, but easily handled. The Kavirondo tribe, who are the furthest west of East Africa, living on the borders of the Lake, "are frankly naked, and not ashamed." They declare that clothes lead to immorality, and "they are said to be the most moral of all the tribes dwelling on the Lake shore." And so to the kingdom of Uganda, which Mr. Churchill describes as a fairyland, and we are made to realise the contrast between the colony that we have left and that now entered.

"Instead of breezy uplands we have a tropical garden."

The last people we saw in East Africa were the naked Kavirondo. In Uganda we find a dynastic king, with a Parliament, and a powerful feudal system, and the people are amiable, clothed, polite, and intelligent. Indeed, their politeness is described as almost an obstacle to physical progression. The race is the *Baganda*, and they profit from three separate influences, each powerful and benevolent—Imperial authority, native Government, and a feudal aristocracy; and missionary enterprise on an almost unequalled scale. And a very charming, simple people are presented to us—an Arcady seems to have been found at last. Everything grows at invitation that man

can desire as it grows hardly anywhere else, and the scenery is lovely. We ask, is it not too good to be true? Alas, it is *too* good. And then we are told of the awful ravages of the sleeping sickness, and the extraordinary difficulty of preventing its propagation. And we learn, too, how the disease is being fought. The future of cotton in Uganda is painted in very bright colours. Uganda cotton already beats on the markets some of the best American. There is a prospect in the not very distant future of an Imperial cotton field which will free Manchester from dependence on America. Railway extension is urged from Kavirondo to Ripon Falls, and then in sections to connect navigable waters, until Albert Nyanza is reached. While the wonderful waterpower of the Ripon Falls should be used, the lake should be "buckled," and an inexhaustible electric power secured. The motto Mr. Churchill brings back with him from his journey is: "Concentrate on Uganda," and on page 212 he writes that a special grant of £10,000 a year will, in future, be devoted to the scientific organisation of the cotton-growing resources of Uganda. This is an important promise by a (now) Cabinet Minister, and therefore we give the page on which it is made.

Mr. Churchill speaks most loyally, and with great appreciation, of the officers, both civil and military, who administer the countries through which he passed, and shows a commendable reticence regarding their names generally, but we wish he had made an exception and had told us who the young officer was who plunged into the Lake at the Falls and rescued a native among crowds of crocodiles.

Except to record the death of a valued henchman at Khartoum, Mr. Churchill ends the story practically at Gondokoro, and a pleasing book of travel is not marred by a long description of his journey home, over beaten tracks. The photographs are very good generally. The best of Mr. Churchill is with the white rhinoceros on page 186. But there is one which saddens us to the heart's core. It is on page 109. The boy king Daudi, Sir Hesketh Bell the High Commissioner (he was sworn in as Governor the next day), and Mr. Churchill are the principal figures. Alas! the Under-Secretary is on King Daudi's right. His Majesty's representative is on his left! When H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught attended the Coronation Durbar at Delhi he did not take precedence of the Viceroy.

THE LIBRETTO.

Stories from the Operas. By GLADYS DAVIDSON.
(London: 1908, T. Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.)

MISS GLADYS DAVIDSON has already told us the stories of one series of grand operas, and the reception which the book received has encouraged her to repeat the performance. We see no reason why the volume before us should not be equally popular. She has succeeded in her aim to present the incidents of each libretto in the clear and reasonable form of a short story, and the fact that all the stories are not equally good is not her fault. For it must be allowed that, viewed as narratives or romances, libretti are very generally failures, so much so that we are almost driven to the conclusion that the demands made by the conventions of grand opera upon the librettist are such that it is impossible for the mere book of the words, read apart from the music, and particularly read apart from the performance, ever to appear anything but absurd. It would be needless to say more on this point, if the conclusion were admitted, for it would be no reproach to either musician or librettist to say that their work has to be produced under certain limitations, and challenges criticism fairly only if

allowance is made for their limitations; but ever since the enormous Wagner wrote *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft* there has been a tendency to suggest that grand opera was getting into line with his gorgeous imaginings, and that we might in the future expect from it a union of splendid thoughts and splendid sounds in a splendid *mise-en-scène*, included under which comprehensive claim there would certainly be the lesser claim that the story would not be ridiculous, and that the march of its events would not be hampered unnecessarily by the exigencies of stage management or the disabilities of musical expression. It must be premised that in what follows we are keeping to the text supplied by Miss Davidson's book, and are not alluding to the musicians, whose names may be mentioned, in any way as musicians. The operas are known under the names of the musicians, and not under the names of the librettists, but Wagner is the only composer who has generally written his own words, and is, therefore, the only composer who must submit to criticism of his libretti. In referring to Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, for example, if the story is found preposterous that is no reflection on the music. It is perfectly well recognised that to admire Meyerbeer's operas is in the opinion of many good people to write oneself down an ignorant and vulgar person, but his music is not here under discussion. He is merely being used now as a type of the musical author who, while he was a great man in the opinion of that public which Mr. Hall Caine in a curious *bordereau* termed "a good fellow," was, and is, considerably contemned by the advanced school of musical thought. Are Meyerbeer's stories more absurd than are those associated with operas which are generally regarded as a criticism on Meyerbeer? Wagner's ideas of operatic reform may be summarised roughly as a presentation in a music-drama of a picture in which vocalism, action, plot, and accessories should make a harmonious whole. Many people, as well as "the good fellow" kind of public, will think that the libretti of *Les Huguenots* and *L'Etoile du Nord* accord well with the music, and that no music that ever could be composed, though rendered with the assistance of an inconceivably complicated orchestra, could ever make a harmonious whole out of Wagner's frantic myths.

The fourteen stories narrated by Miss Davidson include eight by composers who led the musical world at different dates before Wagner's day, two by Wagner, and four by more modern composers, who, without being in any way followers of Wagner, or other than individualistic in their music, ought to have benefited by the reform in the libretto, which was to be, as laid down by the master, one of the salient features of the art of the future. On looking at the stories solely from this point of view, we ought to find the first eight—that is to say, those attached to what may be termed old-fashioned opera—old-fashioned in their construction; we ought to find the two libretti by Wagner superior in construction to them; and we might hope to find the libretti of the operas written after Wagner had come to his own as the acknowledged head of music showing still more distinct marks of improvement. But such expectations are not realised. The fourteen stories told in the book are *Philemon and Baucis* (Gounod), *Eugène Onegin* (Tchaikowsky), *Aida* and *La Traviata* (Verdi), *Pagliacci* (Leoncavallo), *Star of the North* and *The Huguenots* (Meyerbeer), *Madame Butterfly* and *La Bohème* (Puccini), *The Jewess* (Halévy), *Cavalleria Rusticana* (Mascagni), *Fidelio* (Beethoven), *La Somnambula* (Bellini), and *The Meistersingers* and *Parsifal* (Wagner). The story of *The Meistersingers* is a merry and pretty one, but it is only the character of Sachs that elevates it to the kind of theme that would come up to

Wagner's own estimate of a fit subject for grand opera; it may fairly be compared with *Philemon and Baucis*, not because the stories have a single point in common, but because the Ovidian legend has a neat plot, lending itself easily to treatment in a merry manner; it is difficult to see how it is possible to claim that the one is a more conscientious effort than the other to supply noble ideas for the inspiration of the musician. The other Wagner libretto is a grand night-mare, and those who find *Aida* or *The Jewess* preposterous stories must surely see in *Parsifal* the same element of rubbish. There is a fatality attending romancers who choose the legend of the Holy Grail as their subject; tremendous and splendid subject as it is, the narrative which is woven round it is generally made undramatic by the monstrosity of some of the episodes, and *Parsifal* is no exception to the case. *Parsifal* may be an allegory, the incidents and characters of which are symbolic of human development "of the conquest of good over evil, and of the revived spirit soaring triumphant above the baser instincts that struggle to draw it back"—to use Miss Davidson's words; but the actions of Klingsor, Kundry, and Parsifal do not make a coherent drama. *Eugène Onegin* is an involved narrative, which compares badly with, for example, *Fidelio*; in the former the events do not follow logically upon each other, so that we cannot believe in the psychology; in the latter case we have an excellent plot well worked out. It is difficult here to see that the modern master is in the least ahead of the vastly more famous ancient. *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* are two terrific tragedies, and regarded as stories must be commended for the sense of inevitability with which they abound; but the same cannot be said for the story of the extraordinarily popular *Madame Butterfly*, which is a poor variant of *Madame Chrysanthème*, or for *La Bohème*, which does not do Murger's original justice. *La Traviata* and *La Somnambula*, which make up the fourteen stories of which Miss Davidson's book is composed, cannot be defended, and if the words were largely used as a medium for the over-exuberance of Italian vocalism they were turned to better uses than they deserved.

The net result of this little analysis of the fourteen stories is to find, in our opinion, that Wagner's stories do not compare in any remarkably favourable manner with the stories that his predecessors associated with their music, and that such popular moderns as Puccini are not more fortunate than Wagner, even though they avoid his dreary stretches of monologue and soliloquy. It would seem that the union of the finest music with the finest drama, unless this has already been achieved by Palestrina, has yet to be awaited; and it must be admitted that to drag in the name of the sixteenth-century composer is not exactly germane to the argument. Is it *lèse-majesté* to suggest that if Wagner's fame should wane the character of his libretti will have much to do with the decline of the master in educated as well as in popular esteem? We think that even the most devout worshippers at the Bayreuth shrine will admit that in the march of time Wagner's fame may be somewhat obscured by the rise of other composers. The superlative honour of being the creator of a new musical epoch must always be his, but there may come a day when the tribute paid to him, even by the distinctly musical section of the world, will be largely composed of respect for his commanding individuality, and of gratitude for his energetic protests against the demoralisation of the operatic stage which was prevalent when he began to work; it will not take the form of unalloyed pleasure in listening to his music-dramas. A recent article by Mr. Reginald de Koven, published in the *North American Review*, bears out this view very exactly. Premising that "the city of New York may be taken as a reasonable

criterion of operatic taste," he declares that "the decline and fall of Wagner as a writer of music-dramatic works and operas in popular interest and appreciation is to-day marked and definite." The opinions of New York are not as yet of the first consequence in the artistic world, but the devotion of a large and wealthy class of Americans to music is genuine and inspired usually by critical knowledge. Therefore the fact that during the past season in the American capital no single performance of any one of the Wagner operas was given at the new Opera House is a really significant one, and Mr. de Koven rightly or wrongly attributes this striking neglect to the fact that an increasing number of people, whom he classifies as partial admirers of Wagner, now dare to find his works dull and unnecessarily long, adding that "it is largely the character of the subjects of his music-dramas which seems to-day to militate against them with the public." Mr. de Koven is probably right, though Germany, France and England are not yet showing any signs of slighting Wagner, and if and when they do so it will not, we think, be for the reason which he alleges to be at the bottom of the New York attitude. Thank Heaven, those who on this side of the Atlantic feel vaguely disappointed with the music-dramas of Wagner, even while they see the lofty and strenuous aims of the author, do not find him at fault because they wish to have their emotions played upon in some shorter and sharper manner—that is, in the manner which Puccini can achieve. It is hard to believe that anywhere Puccini can be accepted as a substitute for Wagner, and if this is the indication of American musical criticism the bottom is largely knocked out of any claim that New York should be regarded as a criterion of sound musical position. Those who hope most for music in the future, those into whose lives music has really entered and who regard it as necessary to keep their musical appreciations sound as their eye clear and their muscles hard, are waiting the true disciple of Wagner—it is not Herr Strauss—who will not be a servile imitator, who will be animated by Wagner's lofty aims, who will build on the foundations of Wagner and blend Wagner's skill in orchestration with the salient qualities of other masters, now unjustly neglected, and who will secure as his librettist a genuine poet.

Miss Davidson's little volume, which has led to these somewhat discursive remarks, is one that every lover of the opera, not a French, German, or Italian scholar, should certainly possess. The bald scenario supplied on the average programme is useless, while it is simply absurd, if one desires to appreciate the music, to try during the performance to follow the book of the words, whether supplied in translation or in the native tongue.

LOUVER OR LOOVER, AND LUCARNE

"A DOMED, turret-like erection on the roof of the hall or other apartment in a mediæval building, with lateral openings for the passage of smoke or the admission of light. Cf. *lantern* (in architectural sense)." N.E.D. Der. from O.F. *lover*, *lovier*. The N.E.D. mentions for O.F. *lovier*, possible derivation from an unrecorded **loer*, representing an unrecorded M.L. *lodarium* for *lodium* (c. 1425), perhaps connected with Icel. *klod*, hearth. So also Prof. Skeat (Concise Dict.), who compares, for the intrusive v, F. *pouvoir* for O.F. *poir*. Neither Körtling nor Diez deals with the word. Minshew derived it from *l'ouvert*, an etymology accepted as late as 1882 (Skeat). There is a long note on the word, with numerous M.E. examples of its use, in Way's Prompt Parv. (p. 315). Although used in-

differently in E. for "sky-light" and "chimney," there can be little doubt that the former is the older meaning (cf. *lantern*), and that the emission of smoke was a later function of the contrivance. The examples of this latter use are meagre, with nothing between 1375 and 1519 (translating *impluvium*). *Louver* is also used of a dove-cot, and of an arrangement of sloping boards, etc., to admit air and exclude rain. (N.E.D.) Godefroi records s.v. *lovier* (var. *lover*, *luer*, *levier*), only the meaning *lucarne*, e.g., *specularia*, *fenestraus* et *luvers* (Gloss. de Neck.). Palsgrave has *lover* of a hall, *esclere*, and Cotgrave *dosme*, a flat-round *lover*, or open roof, to a steeple, banketting-house, pidgeon-house, etc., somewhat resembling the bell of a great watch. Obviously, a *lantern*. If this assumption is correct, the "fire-place" etymology is unlikely. It is also phonetically most improbable. An intrusive *v* occurs occasionally in F., e.g., *parvis*, older *parevis* for O.F. *pareis*, L. *paradisum*, but, in such cases the forms without *v* are also common, v. Godefroi, s.v. *parais*; and there is usually some reason for the intrusion besides that furnished by the over-worked word "euphony." In the case of *parvis*, the influence of O.F. *uis*, door, has been conjectured (v. Körtning, s.v. *paradisus*), while in that of *pouvoir* we have obvious levelling to the class of common verbs in *voir* (*avoir*, *savoir*, *devoir*, *mouvoir*, *recevoir*, etc.). I suggest that O.F. *louv-er* is of Germanic origin, and derived from O.H.G. *louba*, pent-house, porch, portico; L.G. *löve*, connected with O.N. *loft*, upper story, balcony, whence E. *loft* (v. Kluge, s.v. *Laube*); cf. It. *loggia*; E. *lodge* and *lobby*. See also Grimm on the very wide and varied meanings of *laube* as an architectural term, e.g., Hessian *läube*, upper story, loft, "der begriff des dachraumes verbindet sich so mit dem worte, dass man es mit *dach*, synonym braucht." This is the same word as O.Du *loove*, projectum, projecta, projectura, compluvium, suggrunda, podium, menvanum, pergula, *vulgo*, *lobia* (Kilian). A. Junius has *compluvium erectum* (vitruvius). Al, auffgehende *Laube*, B. opgaende *luene*, and for *impluvium*, rendered *lover* in an example in the N.E.D. (v.s.), B. *logie*, which is derived through F. and It. from O.H.G. *laubia*. The O.F. *lovier* was perhaps originally a kind of upper room or loft, at least one would conclude so from the following passage (13th Cent. Norman):—

Quant je veneie a la maison,
En es le pas montoue en son;
Tout dreit au *lovier* m'en aloue. (Godefroi.)

The F. *lucarne*, O.F. *lucanne luquenne*, etc., "ouverture pratique au toit d'un bâtiment pour éclairer et aérer l'espace qui est sous le comble" (D.G.) is the nearest equivalent of *loover*. It occurs also in E., v. N.E.D. Diez derived it from L. *lucerna*, which is impossible, though the modern form is perhaps due to association with that word (*lucerna* gives O.F. *luiserne* etc., candle, lamp, v. Godefroi). It has been suggested that *lucarne* is connected with G. *Luke*, L.G. form of *Loch*, hole (Kluge), which suits the sense pretty well (v. Körtning and N.E.D.). There is an O.F. *luquet*, *luquet*, used in a similar sense (Godefroi). I would rather connect both words with Norm. *luquer*, *luquier* (cf. F. *reluquer*), to scan, stare at, which, according to Kluge, is from G. *lügen*, to spy, E. *look*; cf. L. *speculare*, a window, *speculator*, a spy.

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Scout's Story. By OWEN VAUGHAN. (Duckworth and Co., 5s.)

NOVELISTS who rely chiefly upon adventure for the substance of their stories seem to entertain a predilection for three or four localities—the wild west of

Canada, the frozen Arctic regions, the mysterious lands of "Ruritania," and the tropical forests of Africa, would form, we suppose, a fairly popular average selection; at one time the Australian bush, too, was in high favour. It is something of a change to find a writer whose characters ride and rough it over the plains of far Patagonia, as do these of Mr. Owen Vaughan ("Owen Rhoscomyl"). "The Scout's Story" is an unusual and extremely interesting one, and although a casual glance at the book and its title might lead to the inference that it made its principal appeal to boys, we have not found our attention waver for a moment during its perusal. The plot is simple enough—it merely traces the movements of a party of gold-seekers, who are deflected from their search for the precious metal through the abduction of a girl by a pagan tribe of sun-worshippers. Of the chase, the hairbreadth escapes, and the final rescue at the secret city of the tribe, we are told in finely-chosen language; and if the characterisation is not a strong point we are hardly justified in complaining, for the young scout who relates the thrilling affairs is only seventeen years old. We can recommend the book to those of our readers who neither desire a furious love-interest, nor the conventional presentation of problems engendered by town life; they will find it refreshing and well away from the ordinary groove.

The Artificial Girl. By R. W. COLE. (Greening and Co., 6s.)

WE have come to the conclusion that this book is intended to be funny. Whether or not it is permissible from a rational point of view to use for a plot the idea that a young man should dress in his sister's clothes and take her place at a boarding-school for ladies, is debatable; it is, at any rate, conceivable that in the hands of a clever humorist a diverting farce might be elaborated on such a basis. From this book, however, we arise saddened and annoyed; saddened, to think that any man can fritter away his time in producing such twaddle; annoyed, that any publishing firm could be found ready to inflict it upon a long-suffering world. The escapade of the "hero" is prompted by his "love" for one of the girls at the school. Complications occur through curates and music-masters, who make love to "her"; many awkward *contretemps* happen, and the mistresses are scandalised; but the situations are stupid and the jokes extraordinarily weak. We are in no danger of emulating the historic person who "burst five buttons off, and tumbled in a fit" through an overdose of humour, and we shall owe the author a very large debt of gratitude if he will promise never to write another book.

The Wounds of a Friend. By DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

MISS McCHESNEY is an adept in the art of weaving skilful and delicate romances round events which present themselves to the average person as merely matters of history, obsolete and unreal. In this book she gives us a stirring account of the days of the early Virginian settlers—the days when Spain was eager to be mistress of the seas—and, although we think an opportunity has been missed, since Sir Francis Drake comes into the story, and we might have had a fine description of that famous scene on Plymouth Hoe, when the Invincible Armada was sighted, yet there are one or two sea-fights with Spanish galleons which thrill the reader with their atmosphere of truth. The plot is strong and quite exceptional; it deals with the mistaken hatred of a man for his friend, who stabbed him and left him for dead lest a worse fate

befall him at the hands of the Red Indians. The man recovers, and the scene changes to the court of Queen Elizabeth, where his hatred and scheming well-nigh ruin Tremayne, the hero, and Mistress Honora, the woman they both love. Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Essex, and other familiar names figure largely in this part of the story. The hour of revelation, when Leonard Copley, the pursuer, accidentally learns of the unsullied loyalty and honour of Tremayne, is a very poignant piece of writing, and one of the finest scenes in the novel; the conclusion, too, in Virginia, strikes no discordant note with the previous portion of the narrative. We can congratulate Miss McChesney on the sure dramatic touch with which she has once more portrayed for modern eyes the happenings of olden times.

The English Castles. By E. B. D'AUVERGNE. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE wanderer in the pleasant by-ways of England, be he pedestrian or one of swifter mood and method, must often give a fleeting thought to the massive strongholds of stone which occasionally domineer over his landscape. What was their origin? What mysteries of the past do they conceal, and what famous courtiers and gallants once looked down from those frowning ramparts, or led the sortie, or held gay revels in the hall? These, and many other questions, are answered comprehensively, if not exhaustively, in this book, and to the author the task of its composition has most evidently been a labour of love. In its progress the problem must frequently have occurred to him what to omit; how to keep steadily to the facts of history; how to avoid the temptation to introduce legend and story and song. The sheer romance of many of our oldest fortresses will out, however, in the merest recital of the scenes which have happened in and around them—we have only to instance the Tower of London, the first of the "citadels," to realise this. Yet, in spite of Mr. d'Auvergne's grim determination to deal only with what we might term the dry bones of history, in spite of his precision of statement and conciseness of form, here and there we seem to glimpse his personal pleasure in the work; we have the feeling that romance and poetry are not distasteful to him; the dry bones live.

To give a bare catalogue of the names and dates of the castles dealt with would fill a column, and convey little but an idea of the author's industry; we will confine ourselves to a brief appreciation of his system of arrangement and selection. Beginning with the citadels, built primarily for the purposes of war in the days when towns were not only walled but protected by outworks, he tells us how these took the form of a castle, generally erected upon some convenient elevation. He treats here of the Tower and its long line of famous names and associations in a manner which is a masterly example of the art of condensation. "The New Castle upon Tyne" is described in this chapter, and to see the familiar words thus divided brings an impression rather different from their usual reminder of coal and shipping. The following section deals with Norman and pre-Norman castles—of which Pevensey is a specimen—then come the castles of the Angevin period; the Edwardian castles; and finally, an interesting chapter is devoted to those stately edifices which are fortified houses rather than fortresses of the warlike times of old. A good instance of this type is Arundel. Thirty-four illustrations, some of them from ancient prints, help the reader considerably in his enjoyment of the book.

In a preliminary chapter of great value, Mr. d'Auvergne sketches the origin of these strongholds

in the days when the Normans were teaching Europe the science of war:—

A ditch of considerable depth and breadth was dug roughly in a circle, and the earth thrown inwards, so as to form a lofty mound. Often a natural mound was utilised, and a ditch dug round it. Attached to it was a court or bailey of varying dimensions, usually of half-moon shape, but sometimes circular or oblong, which also was surrounded by a ditch with the earth thrown up, so as to form a bank or rampart on the inner edge. . . . The defences were completed by strong stockades raised on the bank and round the flattened summit of the mound.

Remains of these primitive fortifications are to be found in many counties to this day.

The fact that since 1884 only two books of any importance have been published concerning the castles of this country fully justifies the author for attempting a larger treatise than his previous work, "The Castles of England," and we think he has succeeded in producing a book which will rank as a standard work of reference, in a convenient form, and at a price surprisingly moderate.

CORRESPONDENCE

"INVERTED FEET."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The concluding sentence of Mr. Rudmose-Brown's last letter concedes all I wish to claim, viz., that inversion is real in some cases. Popular prosody ignores this, in my belief erroneously. How inversion operates in each example, and when it affects division by "feet" I did not seek to determine, and need not here discuss. Throughout I have placed the term "inverted feet"—also terms like "iamb" and "trochee"—within quotation-marks, as terms commonly used, but which do not necessarily express with accuracy my own view. My aim was to bring out certain facts. Readers may consider for themselves whether these facts do not involve some amount of "conflict" between time-scheme and vocal utterance, likewise which conception of verse imposes fewest "limits" on a poet's freedom.

With reference to other points, I need say merely that when a line of eight syllables is divided into four "feet," and one of these contains three syllables, it is matter of simple arithmetic that another must contain only one syllable (unless, indeed, one "foot" contains *no* syllable, which I am sure my critic does not in this case mean to assert); that I have not explained any inversion by means of "trisyllabic feet," since in the line quoted from Longfellow I find no inversion at all; and that Mr. Rudmose-Brown's new analysis of the word *enchantment* seems to me better than his previous one, because it recognises a manifest length in the first syllable—compare e.g., the first syllable of *apartment*—which must undoubtedly form an element in the structure of Keats's line. The foregoing, I think, covers what is essential in your correspondent's letter.

T. S. OMOND.

[We cannot print any more letters on this subject.—ED.]

ALIQUANDO DORMITAT BONUS HOMERIDES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Andrew Lang writing "At the Sign of St. Paul's" on the essays of the late Professor Churton Collins collects together therefrom some "obvious examples of the 'slating' method which may amuse the reader, till he looks into the book 'slated.' Then he is apt to be surprised rather than amused."

"If the learned victim of Mr. Collins's fiery passion for accuracy had wished to hit back (which he did not), he had his opportunity. In 'Studies in Poetry and Criticism' (pages 139, 140), our accurate Professor wrote, 'In a beautiful passage in the 'Odyssey' Calypso is represented as about to rebuke the minstrel for the persistent sadness of his strains; but Telemachus explains to her that a poet is not responsible for his inspiration'; and so on. Now Calypso is never said, in the 'Odyssey,' to have kept a minstrel in her cave; nor does Telemachus ever come within a thousand miles of Calypso

in the 'Odyssey,' which was not written by Fénelon, as Mr. Collins appears to have imagined. It is, as every school-girl used to know, in the prose fiction of the French prelate that Telemachus and Calypso meet, not in Homer."

"Had Mr. Collins's victim made such an inconceivable blunder as this, the critic would have repeated a phrase of his own: 'It is perfectly clear that Professor ——— has criticised and commented on a work' (the 'Odyssey') 'which he could never have inspected.'"

"Yet it is certain that Mr. Collins must have, at least, 'inspected' the 'Odyssey.' He had an amazing gift of memory, and trusted to it so unwisely that he transferred a scene in Phæacia to Calypso's island, and made her speak to Telemachus, whom she never saw, in a way not utterly unlike a speech of Odysseus to Alcinous, in the 'Odyssey.' 'We that have good wits have much to answer for. We will be railing.' But our minds play us strange tricks, and we are never so likely to be wrong as when we are correcting our peccant neighbours. We go gaily a-slating, and it is on our own heads that a tile is apt to fall."

Quam temere im nosmet legem saucimus iniquam! More gravely we may address Prof. Collins's critic in the words of a poet, whom he highly commends:

"Though lowly laid
Wrong not the memory of the dead."

For this is what Mr. Lang has done. It is a delicate matter to criticise the work of one whose recent and tragic death is still fresh in the memory of his many friends and pupils. Such criticism should not be undertaken with a light heart and without regard for scrupulous accuracy. Mr. Lang unkindly, to give point to his criticism, refers to what "every schoolgirl used to know." This provokes the obvious retort that any schoolboy who has read the first book of the "Odyssey" might prove that Mr. Lang himself has made such an oversight as could hardly have been expected from one of the most brilliant Homeric scholars that the world has seen. For the passage to which Prof. Collins referred will be found in the *Odyssey* I., 325-347, where, abridging Butcher and Lang's own beautiful prose translation, we read how the minstrel sang of the pitiful return of the Achæans; but Penelope fell a-weeping, and spake unto the divine minstrel, "Cease from this pitiful strain, that ever wastes my heart within my breast." Then wise Telemachus answered her, and said, "O, my mother, why then dost thou grudge the sweet minstrel to gladden us as his spirit moves him?" So it turns out that Prof. Collins was not dimly remembering a scene in Phæacia; far less was he confusing the real *Odyssey* with the *Télémaque* of Fénelon, but he was making a correct reference to the "Odyssey," although, by a slip of the pen such as most writers may commit at any moment, he happened to write "Calypso" for "Penelope." He was no more likely than Mr. Lang himself to imagine that Telemachus ever met Calypso in the pages of Homer. Therefore, as far as Mr. Lang's criticism goes, our late Professor may still be called (not in sarcasm, but in solemn earnest) the "accurate Professor," and it is Mr. Lang himself who is inaccurate.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

ANCIENT CHINESE HISTORY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of October 10th last appeared a review of two books purporting to treat of the ancient history of China—one by Professor Hirth, of Columbia University, the other by Mr. E. H. Parker, Professor of Chinese at the Victoria University of Manchester. As a close student of the original authorities on which ancient Chinese history professes to be founded I must protest in the strongest terms against either of these works being considered as in any respect entitled to the term of historical. Professor Hirth begins by informing his readers that a good deal of what Chinese authors have placed on record as the beginnings of their history is probably nothing more than prehistoric lore invented by generations much later than the events themselves. Everyone acquainted with the canons of historical evidence, who has taken up so-called Chinese history, is struck with this incontrovertible fact; but, not being Chinese scholars themselves, they have for the most part been content to shake their heads and pass on. Dr. Hirth professes to be a student of Chinese, and has, indeed, published some useful works on the structure and grammar of the language, and therefore it might have been expected that he would have made some attempt to separate what is genuine in the mass of historical rubbish from what he informs us is "lore" invented by generations much later

than the events. If anyone expects that they will find any attempt at critical separation of the genuine from the purely invented their labour will be in vain, his work being merely a *rechauffé* at second-hand of De Maill's so-called history—itsself a mere translation, without any attempt at criticism, from Ma Twanlin's "Mirror of History," a compilation of the fourteenth century, consisting merely of extracts from older works strung together without critical judgment. We recognise in Europe how little are the stories put forward as history by fourteenth century writers to be depended upon; the same rule will apply to their contemporaries in China.

Mencius, the most level-headed of all Chinese writers, throws some light on the subject. "When," he tells us, "the traces of the Royal rule (of the Cheos) were extinguished (cir. B.C. 770) the art of ballad-making was forgotten, and annals came into vogue." As a fact, before this date all we have to depend on are fragments of the ballads, the most important of which were saved from destruction by Confucius, and still remain, in very imperfect condition it is true, in the old Shi King. More tattered fragments form the foundation of what is known to the Chinese as the Shu King, but which by uncritical scholars, such as Hirth and Parker, is denominated the "Book of History," a title to which it has not the slightest claim. There are unfortunately no contemporary records nor inscriptions to be hoped for; writing as such only existing in the most imperfect form, as is shown by a few sacrificial bronze vases, where the inscriptions prior to about 400 B.C. are simply rude hieroglyphs, without any pretence to representing language.

The earliest actual record that we possess is the "Ch'unt'siu" of Lu, one of the most advanced of the petty states. This by the uncritical is called the work of Confucius, who is practically accused of having forged the first of Chinese records. What Confucius did was far more to his honour. The annals were contemporary markings in this hieroglyphic script, as yet too primitive to be understood, except by a small class of experts. Confucius was one of these, and he communicated the contents orally to his class of disciples, who were expected to commit them to memory. These oral explanations, some generations after committed to writing, when such was practicable, form the Tsochwen, "The Explanatory Record."

The Ch'unt'siu of Lu, which forms our earliest contemporary record in China, does not begin till 721 B.C., and is acknowledged to be doubtful for the first half century or so. The so-called chronology of ancient China we owe to the efforts of the Buddhist missionaries, who swarmed in China during the early centuries of the present era. The greater part of the pretended "early history" such as the presumed reigns of the "Three Emperors," and "Five Rulers," is a simple *rechauffé* of Buddhist myths. The first of the latter, known by the history-mongers as Fuhhi, is simply a repetition of the Indian legend of Vayu; the most celebrated, Hwangti, alleged to have introduced all the arts, is a duplication of the Indian Krishna. These make their first appearance in Chinese "History" in the appendix to Ssema T'sien's history, written confessedly by Ssema Cheng, who lived in the eighth century A.D. The capacity of our pretended historians, native or foreign, may well be gauged by the fact that the appendix is received alongside the text as equally worthy of credit.

Professor Parker is not content with accepting without a thought of the canons of historical judgment the statements of the later Chinese "historians," but goes to still further lengths of absurdity. He finds such an "Empire" as that of the great Karl himself in the petty rulers of Cheo, whom he states established a "feudal" state, with all the paraphernalia of fiefs and services. The early Chinese authorities had no idea of this: they simply call the ruler of Cheo "wang," the others being kungs, heos, etc. The nearest analogue was, in fact, the Peloponnesus prior to the Hellenic conquest. Agamemnon was, as Homer tells us, King of Argus and many isles; but he was merely *primus inter pares*—not in any sense a feudal ruler claiming service.

All pretended Chinese "History" prior to B.C. 770, or a few decades one way or the other, may be at once dismissed as without a vestige of contemporary, or even plausible, coeval authority.

THOS. W. KINGSMILL.

Shanghai,

November 14th, 1908.

RICHARD CRASHAW, Saint.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The excellent, and all-too-brief article which appears in your current issue on the above, together with the incidental mention of Milton's name has set one's remembrances a-going.

Few people are aware as to how great an extent the author of *Paradise Lost* was indebted to our cavalier poet. On turning to Mr. Tutin's limited edition of the complete English Poems of Crashaw, it is there pointed out that the greater bard in his greatest work drew upon *Sospetto D'Herode* on no less than nine occasions for direct suggestion, if not actual phraseology. *Paradise Lost* also bears traces of the influence of Crashaw's *In the Glorious Epiphany, The Flaming Heart*, etc. The hymn—*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*—also quotes from *Sospetto*.

Milton, however, was not alone in his indebtedness. Pope, in *Eleisa to Abelard*, takes more than a hint from Crashaw's *Description of a Religious House*, and also from *Sospetto*. The *Epitaph on Elijah Fenton* owes something to the *Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton* of our poet. While the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady* must pay large tribute to *Alexias*.

Finally, Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, in three instances, borrows direct from the wonderful *Sospetto*; and we have but to refer to THE ACADEMY of November 20th, 1897, to learn how great was the same influence upon Francis Thompson.

As a return in acknowledgement of his powers, no less than six well-known writers have endeavoured to paraphrase Crashaw's happy poem, *Aquæ in vinum versæ* (St. John ii., 1-10). Of these Aaron Hill's version is perhaps the most acceptable:—

When Christ at Cana's feast, by pow'r Divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
"See," cried they, while in reddening tide it gush'd,
"The bashful stream hath seen its God, and blush'd."

W. BAILEY-KEMPLING.

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